

## A FACULTY PROFILE

### MEET MR. STANFORD

A bursar, as defined by Webster's Collegiate dictionary, is one who is a cash keeper. Although Mr. Stanford is the financial officer of the school, his duties nevertheless extend far beyond the definition set down by Mr. Webster.

Mr. Stanford has many and varied jobs. They include such tasks as finding work for the students who are working their way through college, listening to the stories of those who cannot meet the requirements of the financial end of an education, and helping those who need guidance and assistance. It was also Mr. Stanford's job to get the trailers, cottages, boys' dormitory, and other government buildings on the campus. To acquire these buildings meant that Mr. Stanford had to be on the go for nearly a year; it meant that he had to untangle the red tape necessary to buy the buildings; and of course, it meant both physical and mental work. When Mr. Stanford returned with the buildings in his pocket, he was ready for a vacation.

Outside the bursar's office, Mr. Stanford is almost as busy as while fulfilling its duties. It seems Mr. Stanford is the headmaster of the local Boy Scouts and finds that going out on hikes breaks the monotony of working in the office all week. Since his troop of Scouts has several Eagle Scouts among its members, once had a band, and has a superb cabin on Shawn Highway, Mr. Stanford believes Troop Eleven to be the best one in West Tennessee. He also believes there is no greater honor than to be a Scout.



Mr. Stanford

Mr. Stanford began forming his own troop when he married the Head of the Home Economics Department back in the 1930's. Now the Stanfords have three boys who meet daily in the Stanford Club House down at the end of Lee Street. As a bit of advice to all the fellows here at the college, Mr. Stanford advocates that they marry home ec. students. He says he is very much satisfied and that the home ec. girls know just about everything.

Mr. Stanford's school record is one to look at. It took him only three years to get through high school, and while in college he finished one quarter's work in a total of twelve hours. How's that for speed? Don't you wish you could spend just twelve hours on chemistry?

During the war Mr. Stanford was engaged in teaching Navy cadets aircraft identification. He says the hours he spent in the classroom made him feel as though he were in the fight, even today he has only to glance up at the model of a plane hanging under his lamp to bring back those memories of hours spent in class. The amount of satisfaction he received was worth all the time he spent.

Mr. Stanford is very satisfied with his work, and he openly admits he can see more for his time than he can for his money. When things begin to pile up and all of life looks like going up a hill, all he has to do is glance up from his desk to the pictures of his boys to realize why he is working.

Winthrop Gutmann

## Insurance Dividends

The insurance dividends will be paid late in 1949, after Congress appropriates more funds. The exact figure has not been set, but it is estimated that it will amount from 20 to 50 per cent of what has been paid in. Even if your insurance has lapsed you are still entitled to a dividend.

## Several Students Will Graduate At Termination of Fall Quarter

### Social Committees Filling Schedule For Winter Quarter

Any organization on the campus that wants to be sure of a date for its social next quarter had better set the date this week. The open dates are filling up fast and the social calendar will come out during the first week of next quarter.

### Chorus Assembly Program Big Success



Miss Fulton

The College Chorus, under the direction of Miss Harriet Fulton, presented its first assembly program Tuesday, December 7, at 1:00. The Chorus accompanist is Miss Billy Jean Henry.

The first two selections of the Chorus were "Kentucky Babe" and "Swanee River." A bit of barbershop harmony followed when the men's chorus sang "Evalina."

The Christmas section of the program opened with the melodious "I Heard the Bells of Christmas." Miss Berlyne Bradley presented a solo, "There's a Song in the Air." The next number of the Chorus was a Fred Waring arrangement of "The Coventry Carol" which was followed by a medley of thirteen Christmas carols, "Christmas Tide," with Don Fisher as soloist. The program closed with the Chorus singing the prayer, "Create in Me a Clean Heart, Oh Lord."

The Chorus has certainly gotten off to a fine start by presenting such a splendid musical program.

Martha Bellamy

### College Chorus Makes Second Appearance

The College Chorus, under the direction of Miss Harriet Fulton, was presented in a radio broadcast Thursday, December 9, at 3:45.

The first selection of the program was "Create in Me a Clean Heart, Oh Lord." "Christmas Tide," a medley of thirteen Christmas carols, was presented with Don Fisher as soloist.

Miss Billy Jean Henry accompanied the Chorus, and Mr. Allen was the announcer.

Martha Bellamy

### Meek Attends Meeting Of Board of Trustees

Last Thursday, Mr. Meek attended the Memphis meeting of the board of trustees of the University of Tennessee. Present also were Governor McCord and Governor elect Browning. Chief point of discussion was the financial needs of the state university, including the branches at Memphis and Martin.

Mr. Meek reports that the meeting was very promising and that the incoming governor seemed to feel that the demand for additional funds for the building program were well-reasoned. The new ag building is definitely assured and should soon be under construction.

In the offing, also, though not discussed at the Memphis meeting, is an allocation for added dormitory space. In fact, it may be that the Junior College will get two new dorms, one for men and one for women. The only question appears to be whether the money for these buildings will be allocated by this session of the legislature or by the one two years hence. The power of the pen in the hands of the tax payer is mighty, why not have your parents or some influential friends write their representatives and tell them that these buildings are needed.

At the end of each Fall Quarter, there are usually a few students who graduate. As this quarter draws to a close, we would like to recognize those who will be leaving us in only a few days.

Mr. James W. Bolin has completed his pre-pharmacy work here at the Junior College. He plans to work at something, he's not sure what or where, until he can gain admittance to a pharmacy school. Now he is seeking to be admitted to the University of Tennessee School of Pharmacy.

Charles Edward "Bubba" Bivens graduates in the Liberal Arts curriculum. His plans are to attend the University of Missouri. Good luck, Bubba.

On the feminine side, we have Miss Martha Steele, who graduates this quarter. Martha has been taking Home Economics and has learned the fundamentals of housekeeping. When asked what she was going to do, she said, "Go to school, but I have no earthly idea when or where." Sounds just like Martha, doesn't it?

Upon transferring to Knoxville, Ed Linton will major in Agricultural Education with the background of two years in the Agriculture Curriculum here at U. T. J. C. We know he will make a good student at Knoxville.

Miss Jean Flanigan will be referred to in the future as Mrs. Roy H. Gayden, Jr., after her graduation at the Junior College. Jean, like Martha, has been taking Home Economics. She will soon have a chance to prove that college helps in making a home.

The Dining Hall won't seem like the same place without Wayne McGowan around. Wayne will continue his course in agriculture at Knoxville. If Wayne keeps up the good record he has started here, he will be on the honor roll quite often.

Yours truly also graduates this quarter. My plans are incomplete, but I have hopes of teaching school for the next few months. After this I plan to continue my education.

I am sure each of us hates to leave our friends here at U. T. J. C., but at the same time, we are glad to have finished two years of college work.

Mae Welch

## YULETIDE WEDDING

Ding! Ding! Ding! Yes, those are wedding bells you hear. For whom do they ring? None other than Jean Flanigan is the lucky Miss. Her husband-to-be is Mr. Roy H. Gayden, Jr., better known on the UTJC campus as "Scat." And what a fine time they have set for their wedding, just three days before Christmas. What more could a girl ask than to get a loving husband for a Christmas present. Jean says, "I'm all fur it."

Jean and Scat started dating about the middle of July. They were together only a few times before deciding that it was true love. Plans were soon formulated for a wedding. They both came back to school in September and intended to finish the Fall Quarter before being married.

Scat stayed only a few days as the carpenters had started building their home and he just couldn't stay away. Guess he was afraid they couldn't do the job as he wanted it done. Jean has managed in some way to stay at school five days out of each week, but each Friday she is seen getting on the bus that will take her home. Wonder why?

At present their house is almost complete. They have most of their furniture and the other things to start off a happy marriage. Jean said, "Christmas has been here for two months as far as I am concerned. I have been getting lots and lots of gifts from just everybody."

After the wedding, which is to be a quiet ceremony with only closest friends present, the couple will spend their honeymoon in their new home. Isn't it exciting?

Mae Welch

## English 113 To Be Given Freshman English Class

Two sections of English 113 will be offered during the Winter Quarter. Students who normally would take English 112 will be enrolled in these sections. This change is being made in order to not overwork the Library facilities during the Spring Quarter.

## Volette's High School Edition To Appear In January

The annual high school edition of the Volette has been set for January rather than for May as has been the custom in recent years. The editors were informed of this change by Mr. Chenette, faculty sponsor, last week. The editors, as well as Mr. Chenette, would like to call this change to the attention of all department heads. This paper will go to several thousand prospective Junior College students and must give a clear and attractive picture of the Junior College.

To do this, Mr. Chenette stated, the fullest cooperation of all department heads and the entire faculty is not only requested but needed. Each department head must see that his department is presented in the manner he considers most likely to attract prospective students. Pictures too are needed and if not already available will be taken and paid for out of a fund set up for this issue of the paper.

Because of other commitments at the Weakley County Press, the high school edition will have to come out no later than January 18. Department heads are therefore asked to have their material for this edition ready and turned in to the Volette offices as soon as possible after the reconvening of classes January 4.

## New Courses Offered In Music

### Music 131. Music Appreciation

This course is offered for all students desiring a basis for an intelligent appreciation of musical composition from the standpoint of the listener. It treats the development of music up through the classical period and includes analysis of form and design. This is a three hours per week course and will give three hours credit. The assignments will always consist of just additional listening to music.

### Music 111. Beginning Theory

This course is required for education students, but if there prove to be enough students interested in music, a special section will be scheduled for them. This is the study of the fundamentals of written music. A knowledge of the material presented in this course is a prerequisite for all who desire to read, sing, and hear music properly. Scales, practice in elementary sight reading, and a small amount of harmony are covered in this course. This is also a three hours per week course, with three hours credit.

Luther Robinson

## The Volette Nominates for Its 'Hall of Fame'

Perhaps you have often wondered whether the training you are receiving at the College is worth the time and effort you spend. A good example of this training has shown up in one of our present men students. He is one of the most looking fellows on the campus, and he has one of those personalities that capture you when first you meet him. He is very popular, in fact, during our interview we had to stop while he talked to a very pretty girl from Reed Hall. You may have seen him on the football field playing his heart out for good old UTJC, or you may have seen him shooting for a basket at one of last year's basketball games. If you eat at the canteen, you have probably seen him washing dishes. Although he thinks meat and potatoes are a great combination, he also likes peanut pie and milk.

If you have ever had reason to go into one of the agriculture classes you may have seen him there, or you may have seen this six-foot, black-haired sport casually strolling around the campus in his orange sweater.

More than likely you would remember that he just recently won the highest degree awarded by the Future Farmers of America. This is one of the greatest honors a young farmer can achieve. With his training here at school and under the watchful eye of his father, this agricultural student won the American Farmer's Degree. Understand now what training will do for you. If I were to say he was president of the Freshman Class last year, all the sophomores would know whom I mean; and since the sophomores know, it is only fair

## Conference Cage Tourney To Be Held at UTJC March 10-11-12

### Bruner Stresses Chemistry And Natural Resources

D. Meek

M. H. Bruner, lecturer from Du Pont and company, spoke here Monday, December 6, to one of the largest crowds at the assemblies this year.

Mr. Bruner, despite being handicapped at first by a wavering public address system, held the audience spell bound with his interesting talk.

Mr. Bruner talked about some common things such as cotton, wood, and coal. He told stories of research and history in the chemical industry. He showed the student body different products, ranging from sponges (a common lab sight) to rivets.

When he showed sheer Nylon hose, you could see all the girls perk up and listen (boys, there's a welcome Christmas present).

Ending his speech with a bang (we all like firecrackers), Mr. Bruner showed us how explosive rivets work.

I think the student body (at least chemistry students) owes thanks to Mr. Bruner for his fine program. Personally, I'd like to hear him speak again you name the subject.

## Norma Jean Pettigrew, Sharon Brunette Selected Vets' Queen

After an exciting and spirited campaign, Miss Norma Jean Pettigrew, a charming brunette freshman who hails from Sharon, was selected Queen of the Veterans' Club for this year.

Norma is an eighteen-year-old Home Ec. major in her first quarter at U. T. J. C.; which, incidentally, she thinks is a swell place to get an education. A basketball fan with a radiant personality, Norma goes for Southern fried chicken and red clothes. Her vital statistics include: height, 5 feet 5 inches; weight, 112 lbs.; bust, 34 inches; waist, 24 inches; hips, 34 inches; and she doesn't have a steady boy-friend either. Norma plans to continue her college work at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville. After that, she says her future is indefinite.

Plans are being made by the Veterans' Club for Norma's coronation during their winter quarter social.

At its last meeting during the fall quarter, the Veterans' Club elected its officers for the winter

The Mississippi Valley Conference voted to hold its annual basketball tournament on the Junior College campus March 10-11-12. On three other occasions the Mississippi Valley Conference tournament has been held at the Junior College and proved to be a highly successful event each time.

### Ag Club Elects Officers For Winter Quarter

At the last meeting of the Ag Club, which was held November 29, the officers for next quarter were elected. They are as follows: President, John Yates; Vice-president, Bill Stephens; Secretary-treasurer, Cecil Carmen; Reporter, Donald Roberts; Sergeant at Arms, Jerry Smith; and Critic, Gene Dodson. The retiring officers are: President, Kenneth Johnson; Vice-president, Cecil Carmen; Secretary-treasurer, Wayne McGowan; Reporter, Bill Patterson; Sergeant at Arms, Baxter Sanders; and Critic, William Summers. We discussed having a banquet at the Country Club between here and Union City in the Winter Quarter, and after the meeting we had an educational movie.

The attendance at the meetings has been excellent the first quarter and we hope it will continue to be good. We plan to have good programs to encourage the members to attend.

### Premonition

Darrell Terrell  
Twas only yesterday the sun was smiling,  
And all the world was golden bright and gay.  
Birds sang joyfully, and still a few tenacious leaves clung to withered boughs.  
But in the darkness of the night through fitful dreams, I heard the wind  
Leashing at house and tree,  
And like a whisper, the leaves that had remained too long,  
Brushed, dying, past my window pane.  
Something in their fluttering voices  
Made me know  
That when I woke, I'd find  
A new-born snow.

quarter. They are: president, Gene Dodson; vice president, James Tucker; secretary, Paul Pitt; treasurer, G. A. Crain; sergeant-at-arms, Paul Moore; and reporter, W. L. Edwards.

A movie was shown and refreshments were served before the meeting was adjourned.

The Conference meeting in Jackson on Friday, December 10, was attended by Coach Henson, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Horton. Minor revisions in the Constitution and By-Laws were adopted and two new members were admitted to membership in the Conference. They were:

Itawamba Junior College, Fulton, Mississippi, and Northeast Mississippi Junior College, Booneville, Mississippi.

Lanham College, Martin College, and Castle Heights Military Academy withdrew from the Conference.

Officers elected for 1949 at the annual meeting were:

Dr. R. G. Matheson, President of Paducah Junior College, was elected President of the Conference.

H. A. Flowers, Florence State Teachers College, was elected Vice-president from Alabama.

R. O. Stringer, President of Northeast Mississippi Junior College, was elected Vice-President from Mississippi.

George Horton, Head of the Curricula, in Liberal Arts, U. T. Junior College, was re-elected Secretary-treasurer.

Mr. Roy Baker, President of Bethel College, is Senior Vice-president and Vice-president from Tennessee.

The members enrolled in the Conference are now as follows:

1. Athens College, Athens, Alabama
2. Itawamba Junior College, Fulton, Mississippi
3. State Teachers College, Florence, Alabama
4. Northeast Mississippi Junior College, Booneville, Mississippi
5. Northwest Mississippi Junior College, Senatobia, Mississippi
6. Bethel College, McKenzie, Tennessee
7. David Lipscomb College, Nashville, Tennessee
8. University of Tennessee Junior College, Martin, Tennessee
9. Paducah Junior College, Paducah

## King Ambassador Quartet Big Hit

The King Ambassador Quartet performed November 30, to a large and delighted audience.

Several of the numbers they gave were quite appropriate. A little ditty called, "Why Study?" amused the student body greatly and a knowledgeable argument they presented so musically as to be almost sound the writer save for a try it.

Some of the numbers they did were: "The Bells of St. Mary's" and "Sunday Morning in London," a medley of "The Home of the Brave" and "The Star-Spangled Banner," "The Ballad of the Soldier," and "The Ballad of the Soldier." The quartet was made up of four students: Fred W. L. Edwards, president; James Tucker, vice president; Paul Pitt, treasurer; and G. A. Crain, sergeant-at-arms.

No doubt you will be completely under the spell of their harmonious voices. The King Ambassador Quartet is a fine group of students. The quartet was made up of four students: Fred W. L. Edwards, president; James Tucker, vice president; Paul Pitt, treasurer; and G. A. Crain, sergeant-at-arms.

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Neil Smith has outstanding record at U.T.C. and on the farm. The freshmen should know him, the Volette elects for its too. Who's he? For his outstanding Hall of Fame. Neil Smith, his record at school and on the farm.

Winthrop Gutmann



## Municipal Elec. System





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## Christmas . . . Or Is It?

What do you think of when you think of Christmas? More than likely it is a Christmas tree, which was started by Martin Luther more than 400 years ago; Christmas lights, which when Luther saw them were probably the stars twinkling over the tall pines and evergreens in a beautiful snowladen forest; the holly; and mistletoe, which has become a symbol of love; Christmas stockings hung before the fireplace for Santa to put fruits and toys in; the big turkey with all the trimmings which now has become a necessity; presents to all, beautifully wrapped; and last, but not least, Santa Claus himself, who visits the homes of good boys and girls, the night before Christmas to leave the presents, which are a joy to open on Christmas morning. Yes, I guess that is what a Christmas of today consists of, but stop and think for a moment—is that what Christmas really began as? If you recall, it began with Joseph and Mary seeking refuge in an inn for the night. They stayed in a stable, and during the night a baby boy, Jesus, was born unto them. It is true that the three wise men brought him gifts, but they were a symbol of love. The gifts they gave were gold, frankincense, and myrrh, which in those days were priceless. To these three wise men, those gifts were their most prized possessions and they gave them from the heart.

Do we today give our most prized possessions to those whom we love, or have presents at Christmas become such a tradition that we have forgotten the real meaning of Christmas?

"And the angel said unto them, fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a savior, which is Christ the Lord."

Christmas should be Christ-centered because of the wonderful gift he gave us. Why not make this a most memorable Christmas by thanking God for that gift. Perhaps these words from "Joy To The World" best suit the occasion—"Let every heart prepare Him room."

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## The Junior College... THEN and NOW

By George Horton, Head  
Curricula in Liberal Arts

The Junior College has recently had its twenty-first birthday, but to understand its development, it is necessary to go back a bit beyond its establishment. The predecessor of the Junior College was Hall-Moody Junior College, a Baptist Institution. It was my privilege to attend Hall-Moody the last year of its existence.

In September, 1928, at the ripe old age of seventeen, I boarded a train at Newbern, Tennessee, to make what was at that time an extensive journey to Martin, Tennessee, for the purpose of enrolling at Hall-Moody Junior College. You may wonder why the mode of travel was by train but in those days, one either went by train or was not very sure of arriving at the proposed destination. Good roads were practically non-existent in most of West Tennessee twenty-two years ago. In fact, there was not a single hard surface road leading into Martin at that time. On my arrival at Martin railway station, I was met by my former High School Coach, H. K. Grantham, then the Hall-Moody Athletic Director and Coach, and who later served for ten years in the same capacity at the U. T. Junior College. Coach Grantham delivered me at the boys' dormitory (now Freeman Hall) and my college life began.

My freshman year at Hall-Moody was a busy one divided between study, classes, work, football, basketball and baseball.

As the year of 1928-27 grew older it became evident that Hall-Moody Junior College would not open its doors after the close of the current session. Plans were made for its consolidation with Union University, effective June 1, 1927. Thus, the last Hall-Moody Annual was prepared and appropriately named "The Last Leaf." A copy of this interesting publication is on file in the Junior College Library.

Through the efforts of the people of Martin and West Tennessee, the 1927 Tennessee Legislature made provisions for the establishment of the U. T. Junior College of Agriculture, Home Economics, and Industrial Arts.

The Junior College opened its doors in the old Hall-Moody buildings on September 12, 1927. The writer was one of the first to register. Fall Quarter enrollment was one hundred twenty-seven, and a faculty of thirteen included the Librarian, the Registrar, and the Executive Officer's Secretary. Of the original faculty present at the opening of the Junior College only Miss Burney remains. (Later in the year of 1927-28, Mr. Phillips made his appearance as a faculty member.)

Buildings in use during the first year of the Junior College included the present Administration Building, the present Bookstore Building, Reed Hall and Freeman Hall, which was used as a boys' dormitory. There were also a frame gymnasium, behind the present Administration Building, a small Dining Hall, near the location of the Power Plant and a Temporary Shop Building.

In 1927, the western part of the present campus and picnic grove was densely wooded and to a large extent covered with undergrowth of bushes and briars. In fact, the chief opportunities for work during the first year of the Junior College were pulling a cross-cut saw and grubbing sprouts, since the college authorities were attempting to beautify the campus. Incidentally, during the tree clearing program, dynamite was used to remove the stumps, and two fellows, reclining peacefully in a T-Model Ford in front of the Administration Building, were startled by a portion of a dynamited stump which descended on their heads, and sent them to the local hospital for scalp repairs.

The present Bookstore Building was used in the instruction of Chemistry and Physics and everything else except a little shop work was taught in the Administration Building, which also housed the Library, the Bookstore, the Post Office, the Athletic Director's office, the Business Office, the Executive Office and the Registrar's Office.

During the first year of the Junior College the number of boys and girls was approximately even. In the Spring Quarter, there were seventy-one boys and seventy-one girls. The Sophomore class consisted mostly of former Hall-Moody Junior College Freshmen.

The athletic teams representing the Junior College the first year were composed quite largely of



Mr. Horton

former Hall-Moody athletes who were anxious to work under their former Hall-Moody Coach, H. K. Grantham, who was the only member from the Hall-Moody staff retained on the Junior College faculty. Coach Grantham's schedule difficulties were prevalent in those days as they are at the present time, since there was not enough competition available in the Junior College class. The football squad consisted of twenty-two men. The Varsity

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Basketball team was composed entirely of eight former Hall-Moody players. Incidentally, this basketball team won the first Mississippi Valley Conference basketball tournament and Captain McKnight of the Junior Vols team, scored 363 points during the season. Each man on this squad averaged only .7 of a foul per man per game.

Clubs on the campus in 1927 included the All-Student's Club, the Tennis Club, the Home Economics Club, the Checkers, the journalistic organization on the Junior College campus and the "T" Club. The latter had five three-letter men and four two-letter men included in its membership.

When I returned to the Junior College in 1937 as a member of the faculty, I found that many improvements had been made.

Since 1934 the Junior College has been under the expert leadership of Mr. Meek and has made substantial progress in increasing its facilities, its enrollment and its reputation as an outstanding Junior College. The Junior College should rate even better on the completion in the near future of the Agriculture and Science Building and the proposed new dormitories.

## The Fable Of A Cat Who Rubbed, or How to Pitch A Comfy Co-Ed

Boys, it's about time we're having a man-to-man talk (college men, that is) about cats.

Fundamentally, there are two kinds of cats. (No not those that work and those owned by old maids.) You need that fact to understand this modern fable.

There were two cats, Oscar and John Henry de Fellne, better known as "The Duke." These two cats were just out of adolescence and now they had to work for a living. Now Oscar was very homely, while John "The Duke" Henry was, well, just divine.

A new family moved into the neighborhood and soon the word got around to all the cats that there was a meal ticket, and presently the fence by that house was sold out from 9:00 p.m. to 2 a.m., respectable hours for any cat.

Oscar and "The Duke" went the rounds regularly. One day the chance, the big chance arrived and Oscar and "The Duke" got it, though Oscar barely got Duke to quit posing in time to sneak in the open door.

They introduced themselves to the young master, about 6 years old, by the expedient of walking up and being catty. The little boy saw the Duke and said, "What a pretty kitty," and never noticed Oscar at all. He rubbed "The Duke" and "The Duke" purred. "The Duke" was proud and the immortal words of Catspaw in his play, "The Merchant of Venice," came to his mind, "He who chooses this home shall have as much as he deserves," and the Duke was proud.

Oscar, too, remembered "The Merchant of Venice," but he chose to hazard all that he had. Running forward, he leaped in the boy's lap and purred and rubbed. Though "The Duke" was handsome, the little boy chose Oscar because he was so warm-hearted.

Boys, what I am trying to tell you is that the cat that purrs and rubs when rubbed is the one to have as a pet.

So if you are out with a girl some night and think you would like to keep her as a pet, rub her cheek gently with your hand. If she rubs back she may not be the prettiest or the smartest, but it's 2 to 1 that she'll be more comfy. David Meek

## Library Features Books On Russia

At a time when the current and future relations between the United States and Russia are of the utmost importance to a world seeking permanent peace, books on Russia are of particular significance to wide-awake American students. A group of the latest books published on this subject are now on the display shelf in the library.

John Steinbeck's *A Russian Journey* with pictures by Robert Capa heads the list. This book is by one of the world's most famous writers and one of the world's most famous photographers. Steinbeck and Capa decided that while ordinary citizens as well as experts were telling each other all about Stalin's plans and Communist intentions, no one was trying to find out what the 1,900,000,000 human beings in the

## For Apple-polishers Only: Faculty's Christmas Addresses

Now that one quarter is about to end and another will soon be starting, why not get in good with certain people who will be and already are influencing your sleep. To aid those of you who need a little good cheer, here are the mailing addresses of those faculty members who will be spending Christmas out of town.

Alexander, Joe S., c/o J. L. Sheid on, Westminster, South Carolina.

Burney, Mary Vick, Box 456, Denton, Texas.

Campbell, Reba, Sharon, Tennessee.

Darnell, Betty, Box 7, Dresden, Tenn.

Fisher, Warner D., Shron, Tenn.

Freeman, Mrs. Lida Belle, Kenton, Tenn.

Fulton, Harriet E., 317 6th Avenue, NE, Jamestown, North Dakota.

Gull, Mrs. J. T., Route One, Box 4, Dresden, Tenn.

Hartung, Arthur, Box 524 Emporia, Kansas.

Hawkins, Helen L., c/o A. S. Eggerton, 521 Sims, Columbia 34, South Carolina.

Hendricks, Caroline, 348 East Monroe Street, Franklin, Indiana.

Henson, James C., Box 3, Trussville, Alabama.

Jones, Jim D., Route Two, Rives, Tennessee.

Logan, Ivy, Route Two, Union City, Tennessee.

McKinney, James S., Route, Fulton, Kentucky.

Massey, Otella K., Box 431, McMinnville, Tennessee.

Melton, Ruth, Dresden, Tennessee.

Parham, Patricia, Dresden, Tennessee.

Parker, Ruth B., Box 138, Dresden, Tennessee.

Paullus, Kathryn L., Coldwater, Missouri.

Pemberton, Marjorie, Route 1, Paris, Tennessee.

Reed, Mrs. Lucille, Kenton, Tennessee.

Shannon, Mrs. Mary Lee, 126 Evergreen St., Greenfield, Tennessee.

Sullivan, Josephine, R.F.D. No. 5, Box 288B, Alexandria, Virginia.

Thomas, Mrs. Georgia, 217 Broad Street, Greenfield, Tenn.

Wishart, A. Paul, 211 Cross Valley Road, Route 12, Knoxville, Tennessee.

All faculty members and assistants not listed may be reached through the Junior College station. You may note that we have included the various department and office assistants. Well, you know the saying: "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." It may often be so that the way to a good grade is through a good standing with the help as well as with the faculty. Honest, we are only fooling.

**What Color Are Your Eyes?**

The next time your boy friend tells you how beautiful your eyes are, or your girl friend tells you what handsome eyes you have, just bear this thought in mind. He or she may be trying to find out just what kind of a character you really are.

To those of you having large eyes, this is a sign that your eyes are telescopic and see large things, having a great sweep of vision. The small eye on the other hand is microscopic and sees details. It is best at short ranges and most competent in getting minute observational values. Eyes set widely apart, whether large or small, indicate perception of form and structure, and usually go with breadth of mind.

The grey eye stands for coolness, critical judgment, and intelligence. The blue eyes (bless them) denote emotion. The dark or black eyes (so made by nature, that is) indicate passion and power. Brown eyes show love and affection. If your eyes are light rather than dark brown, you are friendly but possess a temper. But if your eyes are yellow! Your friends had better watch out, for you have a lust for blood and your emotions are tigerish. More than that, the yellow eye, along with the green, has hypnotic powers.

The hazel eye is a good one; it both wants and gives sympathy. Now, if your eye is clear, you are healthy, and if it is open, you are

frank. If your eye has a tendency to close, beware! You may outwardly be Dr. Jekyll but underneath is Mr. Hyde just waiting his chance to take over. In other words, the closed eye denotes criminality. Last but not least is the full eye with a baggy appearance underneath; as you would guess, it shows verbal memory, talking power, and oratory. Shades of Fred Allen.

So there you have it, or rather, the eyes have it. Which kind of eye is yours. Take a look next time you are in front of a mirror. You may be surprised at what is there waiting to peep forth if given half a chance.

Winthrop Gutmann.

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## WHAT AN EX-GI DREAMS ABOUT

Based on a dream related to the author by a one-time soldier.

Rather fascinating and sometimes a bit incredible the fashions dreams often take. It's a funny thing how they usually start out logical and somewhere along the line get off the track and turn out completely absurd. Psychologists claim they have a perfectly logical explanation for the phenomena, but I never take much stock in their reasoning. Who wants to be plausible about the matter? Like a ghost story—who wants things explained with concrete data? That spoils the effect.

Take the dream I had the other night. Here I was, an ex-GI who's been around a lot and who's collected quite a bit of material to weave dreams of. I'd had a completely ordinary day and a plain, unexciting evening with algebra and history up until I went to bed. I hadn't even thought of anything that entered to this dream I had for weeks. Anyway about 1 a.m., I guess it was, this is the little show my semi-conscious brain decided to put on.

I don't know where the place was. Never saw it before in my life, but it must have been somewhere in Japan or Japanese territory—where else would you be likely to find fighting Japanese? The place seemed familiar, though. Sure, there was Corell, Meadows, and all the rest of my old buddies. Yeah, all of us were right there together, each guy looking as familiar as if I'd seen him the day before. Something else, there was my old faithful rifle looking as real as it ever did when I was looking straight at it. Sure, that same little nick in the stock, the well-oiled, rather greasy look it had.

When the show got started, it must have been a lull in one hell of a battle. There wasn't any shooting taking place, but there had been. Plenty of it. Every guy around had been wounded. Some of them probably mortally, others maybe not, but all of them hurt plenty bad. All except me, that is. I was one miserable Joe, all right, but nothing but sweat and grime as evidence. No blood or stabbing pain. Just one scared rascal wishing to the devil it was all over. But it wasn't. I knew it wasn't. I was tense, wondering when it would all break out again, puzzled how I had been marked the guy who wasn't to be hit when every other single man had gotten a bit of lead already.

It's a funny thing how you can be in a place where there are big things like shells that can put an end to you in a hurry, and you start thinking you're going to die if you don't get a cigarette in the next five minutes! Yeah, crazy, huh? Well, that was what I was thinking. I'd of given my right arm for a cigarette right then. I had smoked the last one hours ago. I still had the crumpled up package in my pocket. I felt around for it, pulled it out, looked at it, and put it back in my pocket. That's when I first noticed Corell. He was stretched out a few feet from me, and was leisurely drawing on a cigarette if a guy can do anything leisurely in a place like that. I edged my way over to him.

"Hey, buddy," I said, "you wouldn't have another one of those weeds stowed away somewhere, would you? Man, I'm dying for a cigarette!"

He looked me over in a dazed sort of way. He must have been in a lot of pain. There was blood all over his shoulder. Yeah, I re-

member, he was hit bad. He died the next day.

"Sure, Bill," he drew out in a halting monotone. "Here, take these; you need them worse than I do."

He had blood all over him, and I didn't have a scratch on me, and he said, "You need them worse than I do." He handed me a pack that had never been opened. I had never heard of the brand. I've never heard of it since. The crazy thing, though, that pack, though it had never been broken, had only five cigarettes in it. I smoked them all in succession, lighting each one from the butt of the last.

I was on the last one when the chaplain appeared. He knelt beside me and began to pray. I began to pray, too. I don't know one thing we said we were thankful for, or one thing we asked for. All our words were completely incoherent, but we prayed. Soon he silently slipped away and left me.

It was then that the excitement started afresh—at least for me. There was a bit of stir in the region from where I remembered the firing to have come. I seized my rifle and began to fire wildly in that direction. It was a mistake. I remember Meadows yelling out at the top of his voice, "Hey, Gordan, what the hell you mean shooting over here? You gone nuts?" I had been firing on our own men.

"Oh no you don't," I shouted, "You English-speaking devils won't get away with that line!" My dream failed to explain how the enemy knew my name was Gordan, even if they might have been able to speak English.

That was as far as I got. The next thing I remember was Evans, my roommate, shaking me out of it. I must have been making a lot of noise. He jokingly commented, "I told you that algebra was going to get you down if you didn't slack up."

"Yeah," I answered with the same humor, "Strong stuff, that algebra!" —Bruce Walker.

### Home Economics Club Meets Twice

On Monday evening, Nov. 15, the Home Economics Club met for its regular meeting in the Home Ec. building. The highlight of this meeting was the formal initiation of the freshman members. In this impressive candle-lighting ceremony, some of the sophomore members participating, the objectives of the club were revealed. After repeating in unison the Home Economics Club Creed, we sang "Follow the Green."

Opening the business session of the meeting, order was called by President Betty Mills. The minutes of the last meeting were read by the secretary. The committee reported final decisions for the social.

During the meeting we were served delicious hot chocolate. The Home Economics Club met for its regular meeting on the evening of December 6 in the Home Economics building. The meeting opened with the singing of Christmas carols. The only business discussed was that of the club yearbook.

For the scripture, Jean Flanagan chose to read the sacred story of the birth of Christ. On the humorous side, Lucy Moody read the "Night before Christmas." Charlene Perkins favored us by reading "Just Fore Christmas."

With the appropriate program, the singing of carols and the enjoyment of assorted candy, the spirit of Christmas prevailed.

# UTJC SPORTS

## Boost the Vols

### INSIDE SPORTS (Girls' That Is)

If there's a girl in school whose hips are not smaller, let her speak now. For after Mrs. Massey's tummy's not firmer and whose rigid conditioning exercises, who could help but have a figure like Ays Gardner's? (Well, we can dream, can't we?) Three whole weeks of conditioning exercises—that's what she gave us. We pushed, we grunted, we heaved and sighed all to the tune of "one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four." Everyday, even



Mrs. Massey

though we weren't aware of the fact, we made progress toward becoming what Mrs. Massey wanted us to become—firm, healthy, and liking physical education more and more.

The last three weeks have been taken up with basketball and basketball skills. Most of us knew nothing whatsoever about basketball, and we were scared to death of that huge brown ball and that little ring way up at the top of the gym. But we soon learned that that big brown ball really wasn't so big and that that high ring really wasn't so high. Sometimes we hit a goal ourselves and, honest, it wasn't nearly as hard as we had thought. We had some fast and furious ball games, the losers of which had to give a party for the winners. Sad to say, our team lost, but I know we had just as much fun drinking cocoa and eating sweet rolls as the winners.

I shouldn't sign off without mentioning the intramural soccer games. What fun! You girls who aren't joining in them just don't know what you're missing, and boys, if you want to see some spirit, and sportsmanship too, come over to the gym on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 5 p.m. We guarantee you'll like what you see.—Sally Campbell.

### What's New? The 'T' Club

Lettermen, consisting of athletes who have lettered in basketball and football, met Monday afternoon, November 29, to organize the "T" Club. The group voted approval of the constitution and immediately elected the following officers: Harold Johnson, President; L. F. West, Vice-president; Billy Jack Burrow, Secretary-treasurer; and Neil Smith Reporter.

A short business session followed at which it was decided to have a football banquet December 9 at the Obion Country Club. The 31 boys present at the meeting will be charter members. The club then adjourned to meet again during the early part of January. Coaches Henson and Vaughan are the active sponsors.

### LIBRARY FEATURES . . . (Continued from page 3)

U. S. S. R. were really like as people. They decided to try to take a trip that would avoid the mighty and concentrate on the ordinary man and woman, that would avoid political discussion and try to limit itself to an examination of how the people live, what they eat, how they spend their time, what they think—in short, what they are like. This book is the result.

Russia On the Way is an informative, exciting story of a great people who, like ourselves, are now thinking largely in terms of the future. The author, Harri-son Salisbury, was formerly Chief of the United Press Bureau in Moscow.

A Treasury of Russian Literature is the title of a volume of comprehensive selections of many of the best things by numerous authors in practically every field of Russian literature from its beginnings to the present.

A fourth book is The Russian Idea of Nicolas Berdyshev, an exile from Russia. Students are invited to look at all of these time-

### A CHRISTMAS MIRACLE A Short Short Story

Darrell Terrell

Madam Baranov's return to the Metropolitan may have caused a stir in the Bohemian world, but it got only a paragraph in the Herald. Tucked away in a corner of page three you may have read: "Madam Baranov, beloved singer of grand opera, returns to the stage after a miraculous recovery of her voice."

The sketchy description didn't surprise me. Very few people go in for long-haired music anyway. Being a fairly successful reporter and an average reader myself, I know that a paper supported by subscribers has to strip the serious items to the bone and blow up the scandals to a nice juicy size.

I wouldn't have given the item a second thought if I hadn't bumped into Dr. Zynberger, Madam Baranov's psychiatrist; then I remembered and decided to find out if there were more to the story. I had dropped into the Dragon's Claw thinking maybe I'd get a story. Things were pretty dull what with everyone celebrating Christmas in proper spirits. The Dragon's Claw is a hangout for artists, writers, and other such nuts. Sometimes one of them strangles his mistress of takes cyanide. If the guy is famous, such things rate front page.

Well, as I was saying, who was sitting at my special corner table but the eminent Dr. Zynberger. I usually write psychiatrists off as crackpots, but this night I'm bored; so I ambled over and made small talk. Zynberger was what you might expect of a psychiatrist who caters to female New Yorkers with imaginary ills and very real bank accounts. He was suave and well groomed—all horn rims and ebony cigaret holders.

"You were Lydia Baranov's doctor?" I shoved a drink at him and settled in a comfortable huddle.

"Yes, why?" He sipped the drink delicately.

"I'm Jackson, reporter from the Herald." I knew that if he didn't drink any faster, I could get the story for a huck; so I began the inquisition, subtly, of course, figuring maybe he's something special and not responsive to brutal pumping.

He assured me that he did not ordinarily discuss his patients, but that this was a special case not involving a neurotic. He'd be glad to tell me a few of the details if I'd promise not to print them without Baranov's permission. I promised. He stuffed another monogrammed cigaret into his "chic" holder and began.

"Lydia Baranov came to my office soon after other medical authorities had pronounced her case hopeless. Her condition was due to shock which had rendered her vocal chords useless. She simply could not speak one single word due to a freak accident. Of course, she could never return to the stage which she loved so ardently. I thought perhaps another shock would restore her speech and proceeded to treat her in that manner, but all of my efforts failed miserably.

She was under my care for two months, growing steadily worse. Naturally she began to hate the world which had played her such a horrible prank and developed a philosophy which was biting and cynical. I was afraid of a complete nervous collapse; so I advised a vacation for the Christmas holidays. Lydia suggested that she should go to an abandoned ski lodge in Massachusetts. Her intimate friend, Emanuel, a handsome Italian artist, and I would be her only companions.

After investigating, I was sure that such a holiday would be ideal for Lydia. Emanuel was kind and considerate. At such a place she would have the privacy and rest which she needed.

We left New York in plenty of time to arrive before the early dark. What we had not considered was the weather. It was snowing when we left the city, a gentle caressing flurry which softened the harsh face of the countryside. Emanuel drove expertly, whistling a melody of gay sirs all the while. I was worried about Lydia. She responded to Emanuel's caresses and pretense of gaiety with an occasional smile, but her mood was one of general depression.

I was aware of the increasing snowfall shortly after we had crossed the state line. The flakes were driven by a terrific wind which increased steadily in fury. The snowflakes clung together, forming miniature snowballs. At first the giant snowflakes which struck the windshield merely destroyed the intricate frost tracings that had escaped the wipers. Soon, however, the soft bits of moisture began to pile up, asking the glass and leaving only fan-shaped peep holes, patrolled by the leashing wipers.

Soon the snow was sticking to the headlamps, diffusing the light and making driving dangerous as well as difficult. Emanuel had ceased to whistle and concentrated on the road with an intensity born of fear. Even Lydia, who was quite accustomed to the eccentricity of New England weather, began to grow uneasy. She smoked nervously, taking quick puffs like a hungry animal.

I tried to sooth her with easy conversation and was just remarking that the countryside was an ideal Christmas setting when Emanuel lost control, and the car skidded into a snowbank with a soft thud. At this inopportune moment the motor obliged us by stalling. Emanuel cursed softly as he pressed the starter button without reward.

Neither of us was a mechanic. I knew there probably would be no travelers in such weather and that we would soon be uncomfortable without the heater. Emanuel took the one flashlight and went to search for a dwelling. We were growing impatient when he returned. He reported that there was a farmhouse about half a mile off the main road where we might spend the night. Since there was little chance of getting help before morning, we decided to accept the offer of hospitality.

I had not known that wind and snow could be so furious until we abandoned the car. We clung to each other, the gale tearing at our clothing and searing our faces. After floundering about like lost souls in the waist-deep snow, we were overjoyed to reach the shelter where there were warmth, light, and human faces.

Our hostess brought hot drinks and chafed Lydia's hands and feet kindly. I looked the house over. It was a stone and log structure with shuttered windows protected by snow guards. In the main room was an open fireplace full of hissing pine logs. There was an ornamented tree in the corner and, arranged along the rough wall, a group of miniature figures illustrating the Christmas pageant. Three bright-eyed children stood near the open fireplace. Then I remembered that this day was Christmas Eve.

"A joyful Christmas!" I said. The woman smiled.

"We were going to sing carols," she said, "will you sing with us?" She turned out the lights, leaving the room barren of illumination except for the dancing fire flames; then she lit three candles, placing them above the gaudily robed "Kings of Orient."

"We will only listen," I said. I was afraid for Lydia. The last thing she wanted to hear was singing. The half-lit room, the fire shadows whirling like ballet dancers, across the crude walls, and the candlelight reflecting like cold star light in the tree ornaments all were combining to upset my mental balance. I could see that Lydia was strained and tense. Such a scene was exactly what Lydia did not need at this crucial time in her life.

The small dark-haired boy began to play on an ancient violin. Strains of Silent Night filled the room with an eerie, intangible essence which caught Lydia and held her hypnotized. The miniature statues took on a semblance of reality in the candlelight. They cast long shadows across the floor, appearing to march toward the manger where the Christ Child lay, surrounded by stable animals and worshipping shepherds. Lydia's face was pale and strained, her eyes staring and vacant. I was about to move toward her to speak and break the spell when the violet-eyed boy spoke eagerly.

"Will the beautiful lady sing the first song for me?"

I gasped with fear. I knew that such an emotional shock might possibly destroy all that I had accomplished during the past two months. I moved forward to take her hand. Suddenly the room was filled with the exquisite lyrics of Silent Night. I turned to our hostess, but she was silent, watching Lydia with a transfixed expression. Then I grasped what

had happened; the shock which I had never been able to create had come to Lydia quite by accident.

She opened her mouth and the words tumbled out like silver notes, as the soft rush of wind in the tops of tall trees. Her voice quavered a moment with a fearful pant, then rose to a passionate pitch of exultation—gushing like clear, sweet water from a fountain too long pent up by an obstruction. The small boy's eyes worshiped Lydia, and his arms moved with inspired energy. Emanuel was kneeling, crossing himself as his lips formed a silent prayer.

The "King of Orient" marched on toward the star above the stable, and Lydia sang as I have never heard her sing before, the happy tears streaming down her smiling face. I shall always remember that moment. I think perhaps she was more beautiful than she can ever hope to be again. She was oblivious to all things except the boy's music and the beautiful myth which it told. Outside the storm had ceased and the stars were shining.

"A charming story, Doctor, but just how did Lydia Baranov happen to regain her speech at that time?" I asked.

"By a happy coincidence—chance? fate! . . . whichever you prefer. It all goes back to an incident which occurred in her childhood in Rumania. Almost an identical situation was recreated in the farmhouse to another which took place years ago. The music, the candlelight, the figures in the pageant—even the small boy reminded her of the experience in the old country. The boy reminded her of a traveling beggar who came to her mother's home in Bucharest at Christmas-time. The gypsy played a violin for food, and his request for Lydia to sing was similar to the boy's request in the farmhouse." "So," I said, beginning to get the drift of the matter, "she relived her childhood experience to such an extent that she regained her voice, or was shocked into regaining it."

"Yes; it's what you might call a psychological flashback . . . a regression of the mind to an incident of the past; in Lydia's case the chain of events at the farmhouse presented a strong suggestion which amounted to a shock. Psychiatrists call it recapitulation, but both Emanuel and Lydia insist that it was what they call, 'A Christmas Miracle.'"

### Warning

"If you kiss me, I'll call a member of my family," she warned. So he kissed her. "Brother!" she whispered.

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